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works. The action of the principal figure is the result of close study from life. The treatment and color are in keeping with the subject. He is now painting a "Battle of Gettysburg." A reproduction, on a small scale, of a large picture which the artist had nearly completed when it was unfortunately burned in his studio. He has just finished a picture, the title of which may be said to be that old saying—"the course of true love never did run smooth." A lover is busy playing a guitar and watching his lady love, who is at the window above, whilst the "stern parent" is coming down some steps armed with a piece of cold steel, and the determination to put rather a sudden end to the lover's music. The subject is not a new one, but the present treatment is good. The lover's rapture and total unconsciousness of approaching danger pleases us, but the determined look of the angry parent warns us to look out for those disagreeable beings (angry fathers), before we undertake to serenade our lady love. That is the moral of the picture, and we are glad a moral is expressed, for we believe therein lies the highest aim of art.

Guy is totally different from Nehlig, not alone in subject, but in treatment and ways of study. Guy paints no battles or court scenes, his subjects are mostly from domestic life, such as a boy and girl playing, or a mother and children; generally something very simple. His subjects though simple and seldom original, are however painted with a great deal of thought and study, much attention being bestowed on all the accessories. Nice mathematical problems are solved before a rock or fern, a post or mudpuddle is painted in the picture. He must know the exact height of a stone wall, or a church spire which is introduced in the background, it will not do to place it there because it helps the composition and looks all right. The consequence of this mathematical study is frequently to make his pictures lose whatever sentiment may be in the subject, and seem more the work of the able mathematician than a picture of the artist's feelings. "Unconscious of Danger when Thinking of the Future" is a work on which the artist bestowed a great deal of study. The figure of a boy stands on an eminence gazing at the sea below, wholly unconscious of danger. The figure of a girl stretches forth her hand to take hold of the boy, and is meant to embody the fear or timidity of the female sex, whilst the boy conveys the boldness of man. This was the artist's most ambitious work—he undertook to represent an idea and succeeded. His rules were apt to fetter him, but his earnestness of study enabled him to get a good result. He has on his easel a small picture, a copy of the boy's figure alone, which has more sentiment than the original painting.

Hennessy is a younger artist than Guy or Nehlig, and is very different from either. As a matter of course, his works are different from his works of a year or two ago, he being in that transitory period of his existence, when no particular style or treatment is characteristic of the artist. His pictures at one time are phe-raphae-lite studies, then again he paints a picture which has all the good qualities of a Frere, and recently he has painted pictures which indicate a tendency towards the spiritual in art. This very change in the works of the artist makes us hope for good results, for it shows the artist does not blindly follow any particular school, but strives to get what is good wherever good can be got—this with proper study must make the artist.

An old blind violinist led by a little girl, betrays considerable feeling in the treatment; the autumnal twilight and rich purplish foliage are well rendered. The work is yet unfinished. "Drifting" which he exhibited in the Academy, though not altogether successful in composition, or fine in color, yet gave evidence of much thought and feeling, and prophesied well for the artist's future.

As many of the artists are sketching in the country, and are scattered far and wide, we give the public their whereabouts.

Baker Geo. A., is quietly rustivating at Darien, Ct. He is resting from his winter's labors, and will return to his studio at 806 Broadway on the 1st of October.

Colman S., is at his residence in Irvington, on the Hudson.

Bierstadt is there also, superintending his palatial residence which is now building.

Church is on his farm at Hudson.

Gifford S. R., is at Hudson.

Brevoort and James Hart, are at Farmington, Ct.

Casilear is sketching in the White Mountains.

Cropsey is making studies at Greenwood Lake, N. J.

Gignoux is in the Adirondacks.

La Farge is residing at Newport, R. I.

Dana, Thorndike and William Hunt, are there also.

Kensett was at Milford, Pa.

Johnson E., was in the wilds of Maine.

Inness was in town last week looking for a studio. He had been sketching at Leeds in the Catskills.

Fuechsel and Hubbard are at Lake George.

Brown J. G., is at his residence at Fort Lee.

Whittredge is (we hear) at Denver City.

Le Clear has gone to Chicago.

Lawrie is at Philadelphia.

Hekking is at Mamaroneck, on the Harlem Railroad.

Greene is sometimes at his studio modelling figures in clay as a study for a picture which he has been some time engaged in painting.

Fairman and Wenzler are sketching at Bethel, Me.

Loop is spending the summer at New Haven, Ct.

Lazarus is at Cornwall, on the Hudson.

Homer is at Belmont, Mass.

Melby is in town after spending a twelvemonth at Jamaica in the Antilles; he brings back a large collection of tropical sketches, many of which are very rich in color. He is engaged on a work, the title of which is the "Blue Mountain Valley," from sketches made in the tropics. He goes to Newport for a short time.

Rondel is teaching at Poughkeepsie, and sketches in the vicinity.

Van Ingen is Professor of Painting at the Vassar College.

Pope and his charming wife are in Boston.

Warren is making marine sketches on the coast of Maine.

Thompson Jerome, has been in Minnesota, and brings back rare sketches of Prairie flowers.

Brown, of Newburgh, on the Hudson, the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Washington which is at Union Square, has been commissioned by Congress to model a monument to General Scott, to be cast from guns captured in Mexico, and to be erected at West Point. The sculptor is to receive \$20,000.

Ward is modelling a statue, "The Good Samaritan." It is for Boston.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

There are two ways of serving that glorious institution which is hopefully looked forward to by all true Fenians, i. e., the Irish Republic: first, by subscribing largely to the Fenian bonds, and secondly, by going to see "Shamus O'Brien, or the Bould Boy of Glengall" at Wallack's, where you will be fully impressed with England's black ingratitude and despotic tyranny, thus bringing your mind to the proper fever pitch necessary for a full appreciation of Ireland's wrongs, and the noble and self-sacrificing efforts of the Fenian leaders who are devoting their lives to "the cause," and only ask for large donations to make "the cause" perfectly successful—(financially.)

Shamus O'Brien was received by a large and enthusiastic audience last Monday evening, and, judging by the applause, was a decided success; it is replete with telling situations, patriotic speeches, stirring incidents; and good round abuse of the English nation and people. That poor unfortunate "scarlet rag," the symbol of England's despotism and tyranny, is reviled in a manner which carries delight to the heart of all true Irishmen, while the character of Sir Derry Down is made to possess all those semi-idiotic qualities which the English, as a nation, are pre-eminently celebrated for. All this is of course most pleasing to intelligent and discriminating audiences, and although they cannot exactly comprehend what it all means, as true Irishmen and loyal Fenians they are bound to applaud, so applaud they do, and to the very echo.

The story of "Shamus O'Brien," which, as stories go nowadays, is rather interesting, is eminently Irish, and is substantially as follows: Shamus, the hero, is a sort of Hibernian Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and having saved Mrs. Kennedy and her daughter Mary (Miss Cooke) from drowning, the latter of course feels it her duty to fall in love with him, and accordingly does so without hesitation. This is the state of affairs at the rise of the curtain, when we are introduced to a dashing Irish widow, Miss Kate O'Conner (Mrs. Mark Smith) the *chère ami* of Mary Kennedy, who, knowing her love for Shamus, has come to condole with her on the subject; next, Sir Derry Down (Mr. Floyd) an English tourist, and of course an imbecile, is introduced, and after going through a variety of ridiculous performances, goes off to dinner accompanied by all the characters, except Mary who remains behind for some reason best known to herself; then music and enter Mr. Corney Ryan the Inferior (Mr. Hagan) who is being pursued by the infuriated peasantry, and throwing himself at Mary's feet implores her protection, naturally soft-hearted, she grants his request and shuts him up in a closet; at this juncture Shamus makes his appearance, and having had a little billing and cooing with Mary, intrusts to her keeping a packet of papers which contains the names of all the principal revolutionists, also informing her that he is to depart that night for Dublin for the good of "the cause," then, being in a great hurry, he stops to sing two or three songs, after which he takes his departure to appropriate music. Now, Mr. Ryan has of course overheard all this conversation, and rushing from the closet demands the papers of Mary, but she, like a true heroine, seizes on a musket and deliberately points it in his face, whereupon Mr. Ryan incon-

tinently flees—tableau of disconcerted Irish villainy and triumphant innocence.

Next we have Shamus disguised as the servant of Col. Tarleton (Mr. Holland) safe in Dublin and right in the midst of England's officers, and the proud hirelings of England's despotic rule; having by an adroit *ruse* possessed himself of some valuable papers belonging to Col. Tarleton, he is about to make off with them when Mr. Ryan makes his appearance and denounces him as the outlaw, Shamus O'Brien. This denouement might rather trouble some people, but not so with Shamus who has not received the name of "the bould boy of Glengall" without good cause, so drawing a pistol he valiently fires in the face of England's red-coated minions, and heroically jumps from the window and thus escapes. But it is needless to go through all the adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes" of the "bould boy," suffice it to say that through the agency of Ryan he is in an evil moment captured, his cottage set fire to, and he tried and condemned to die by one of England's proud hirelings in a red gown and bag wig.

This of course puts matters in a very uncomfortable shape, when at the proper moment Sir Derry Down, who, during this time, has fallen desperately in love with Mrs. O'Connor, who has told him that she will marry him when Shamus and Mary are united, enters with a pardon for Shamus. Everybody is of course made happy; Mary falls in the arms of Shamus, Mrs. O'Connor falls into the arms of Sir Derry Down, and Mr. Ryan falls into the clutches of a justly indignant Irish populace, and the curtain falls amid the approving plaudits of loyal Irishmen.

Mr. Bryant's rendition of the title part is thoroughly careful and artistic, with no straining after effect he still manages to carry the sympathies of the audience along with him, and by his excellent acting adds much to the enjoyableness of the play. Mr. Hagan as Ryan is a most unmitigated villain, and in many of the scenes carried off the honors by his excellent performance of a most disagreeable part. Mr. Floyd as Sir Derry Down is very funny and sufficiently foolish to give one a most excellent idea of the bloated aristocracy of despotic Britain. Miss Cooke as Mary is cast to a very small and unimportant part but does it nicely.

The play is well put upon the stage, and some of the scenery and tableaux are very perfect, so let all true lovers of Ireland and haters of England's accursed "scarlet rag" rally to the support of "Shamus O'Brien." SHUGGE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y., July 27, 1866.

My dear Mr. Watson:

Your lengthy and highly charming e-pistol of the 25th was received yesterday. I called to see you *three* times before leaving town, on purpose to have a "Philharmonic talk," but you were very warm, and on that cake of ice in the cellar, spoken of in your leader of last week's paper, and therefore I had to depart without your musical blessing.

Theo. Thomas was elected Conductor of the "Brooklyn Philharmonic," and probably accepts, &c., &c. I think the arrangements for next season most admirable. Annual subscription \$7 (instead of \$8), no reserved seats excepting 2d tier, (not the best part of the house either). Profession can get subscription for \$5, which will induce N. Y. teachers and others to brave "ye

dangers of ye deep," as connected with the Brooklyn Ferry,

PART II.

"Here I am as you diskiver,
All the way from the roaring river,"

—That is the East river.

Have been here getting brown, fat, strong, and unmusical for a month. "My boat is on the shore," occasionally, but generally floating agreeably all over this delicious pond (not the publisher) with me in it. I am learning to swim, also, and am becoming web-footed, and am nearly a duck of a man, (but geese swim, too). For music, I have a superb Grand Piano, sent to me by the never-failing, loving kindness of the Chickering, which is on duty quite as much as is good for it. Right 'round the corner from us, in a lovely little bay, dwells the tuneful, the handsome and the prince of baritones, BELLINI himself, and as we row along or drive by, snatches of "L'Africaine," "Crispino," etc., roll forth from that cottage, charmingly familiar to all of us opera lovers, and no one loves the lake better than the glorious Bellini, and who so ready with a warm welcome, and a good bottle of Italian wine than he. He is mightily interested in the European war, has two handsome brothers fighting for Italy, and if it were not that he must earn his living, would be there too. He has a stalwart arm as well as a powerful and entrancing larynx. You should have seen his enthusiastic self on the 4th of July, in an old scow boat, mounted with a cannon at each end, the "Flag of the Union," and "Italia Mio," on the same staff, and that the limb of a tree. Two other Italians assisted his efforts, and such a saluting! He burned all the powder to be got in the country, and a fierce thunder storm could not drive him from the Lake. Singing half the time, well soaked and patriotic in the extreme, he blazed away all day, much to the delight and surprise of those more lazily inclined. I could write many more good things of this glorious good fellow—the grandissimo of operatic *artistes*, the noble-hearted and impulsive Bellini, devoted to his art, true to his country. It is to be hoped that the American public appreciate how excellent he is and how he loves to please them.

Mr. A. Barilli and pupils gave a very successful concert at Baldwin's Hotel, last evening. Two German operas are announced at Gregory's Hotel for next week. Mr. Barilli is also going to give a concert for the "Italian Fund," next week, at which Bellini will sing.

My boat is ready and I am loudly called for to stop writing. If it is too warm for you to get off that cake of ice yet, you may print this letter, mistakes and every thing.

"My ink is poor, my pen is pale,
And I'm just going to take a sail,
Without fail."

Fondly thine own,

WARREN.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Dr. Nohl, the editor of Mozart's and Beethoven's correspondence, has published a series of essays on musical subjects. The most interesting is the very circumstantial detail of the last days of Beethoven, which does not indeed modify Schneider's account, but adds a good deal from other sources.

There is a report that the "Memoirs" of Talleyrand are soon to be published, after all. M.

de Bacourt, the late professor of the manuscript, provided in his will that the work should not be published until thirty years after his death; but it seems that the Duchess de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, was invested with a veto power over this provision of the will, and she has annulled it. The "Memoirs" will appear, it is said, simultaneously at London, Paris, and Vienna.

The Rev. Mr. Surtees, a clergyman in London, has published a critical work, entitled "Julius Cæsar: Did he ever cross the Channel?" The attention of Louis Napoleon is particularly called to this publication.

M. Alfred de Vigny's executor and friend is publishing extracts from the former's private journal. They do not reflect great credit upon him. They show him to have been impracticable, mawkishly sensible, always on the stair, never natural. Here are some of his best thoughts: "Poverty, aye, I hate it. I hate poverty, not because it is privation, but because it is dirty. If poverty was what David has painted it in 'Les Horaces'—a cold stone house, completely empty, with no furniture but two stone chairs, a hard wooden bed, a plow in one corner, a wooden cup to drink pure water, and a piece of bread and a rough knife—I would bless this poverty, because I am a stoic. But when poverty is a garret, with an apology for a bed with dirty curtains, children in willow cradles, soup on the stove, and butter in paper lying on the streets, I should prefer the coffin and the graveyard. Newspapers.—The shopkeeper of Paris is a king who has every morning at his levee, a fawner or flatterer, who tells him twenty stories. He is not obliged to invite him to breakfast. He reduces him to silence when he pleases, and makes him talk when he listeth. This double friend pleases him all the more, because he is the mirror of his soul, and tells him every day his own opinion in rather better terms than he would have expressed it himself. Take that friend from him, it seems to him the world stops. This friend, this mirror, this oracle, this cheap parasite is—his newspaper. Talleyrand—M. de Talleyrand is dead. Political parties have insulted him, and have gone so far as to write: 'There is in France but one scoundrel the less.' All this indignation is justified by his life. There is an immense stain upon his name; it is because he has become the specimen of elegant and rewarded perjury. Lamennais. He is not guilty because he sought truth, but he is guilty for having affirmed it before he found it.

Baron Marochetti, sculptor, and Mr. George Richmond, artist, have been elected Royal Academicians in London, in place of the late John Gibson and Sir Charles Eastlake.

Mr. Plath, an Asiatic scholar of Munich, has published an interesting book on China and the Chinese. He justly observes that alongside of this Chinese civilization, which is four thousand years old, the Empires of Persia and of Rome appear rather of a transitory character.

During four thousand years China always remained a monarchy, under two different forms—a feudal monarchy in antiquity, and an absolute monarchy since Tshin-chi Hoangti, (221 before Christ,) the founder of the great wall—consequently since over 2000 years. Before the foundation of this absolute monarchy there were only three dynasties, and it is the social and political condition of China during that period which Mr. Plath has endeavored to describe. He assigns to the Emperor Yao, with whom the authentic history of China begins, the year 2357 B. C., and to